General MONKS Welcome

(From the CITIE) to

WHITEHALL.

To the Tune of, *When the* KING *enjoys his Own again.*

ALL ye Heroes of the Land,
That deſire for to know,
How the cauſe doth with us ſtand,
Now our gates are laid ſo low,
The truth of it is,
His Lordſhip we miſſe,
Yet for him we will alwaies pray.
He's gone unto *Whitehall*,
The Members to inſtall,
And to get for us all a jovial day.

Had you but ſeen when as he came
To enter at his Palace Gate,
How many thouſands rais'd his name,
And ſaid he was St. *George* the great,
Welcome they cri'd,
As if a new bride
His Lordſhip with the Mace,
And in truth he had good reaſon fort.

Protectors you do know we had,
And learned Councils they did keep,
Yet they ne're made our hearts ſo glad,
But oft times caus'd us for to weep:
But this noble Lord
Doth comfort afford,
To Peſant and Nobilitie;
We'l celebrate his name,
The World ſhall ſound his fame,
For he's the ſon of honeſtie.

When we were ready for to fall
To utter ruine, he came in,
And by his goodneſſe ſav'd us all,
And hath accompliſhed the thing
Which we ſo long agone,
By all means would'ave done,
Which was to have our Members in;
That in laſt forty eight
Were put unto flight
From the houſe where they had ought t' have been.

'Twould joy ones heart to ſee his face,
He looks ſo like a *Solomon*,
Who hath regain'd us in ſmall ſpace
From *Styx* to vertuous *Heſkon*,
We now do enjoy,
There's none doth annoy
Us, for we have our Repreſents
In the Houſe of Advice,
Which can in a trice
Stycle our greatſt incontinents.

Our noble Prince and all the reſt,
Which have ſo long been abſent there,
By's Excellence they are inveſt,
Though it be afrer many a year
Hath been run paſt,
Yet now at the laſt
That as ſure as we drink,
That news perform'd the words of old:

Which was, a thouſand from the North
Should come and reign in fifties place,
That th' exil'd Thiſtle ſhould have growth,
And that the happy Roſe ſhould grace
The Thiſtle exil'd,
Which ſo long by a wild,
By violence was kept from their right.
This our *Monk* he hath done,
And their Title hath won,
And brought them from the Land of night.

So to conclude, thrice welcom may
This Engliſh Champion welcom be,
And live to ſee the glorious day
Of friendſhip and of amity;
Let him long reign,
And his worthy Train
Enjoy the Freedom of the Land,
Jove bleſſe this our *George*
From the Treacherous Forge
Of every baſe Sectarian.

G. Ticwhit.

FINIS. ffeb: 1659